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culture would be advanced if a critic, finding himself at odds with the majority view, should prefer conformity to independence.—EDITOR.]

A PLEA FOR GRAVITY

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the manner in which your musical critic discusses Signor Granados's opera, *Goyescas*, in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Gilman might at least have treated this work with seriousness, instead of discussing it with the ill-timed levity which you yourself, Mr. Harvey, so frequently and unbecomingly bring to the discussion of affairs in your editorials. Every other critic in New York discussed this opera with the seriousness which its merits demanded. Even if your critic did not admire the opera, he might at least have treated it respectfully. He is probably one of those would-be cynical old fogies whose dried-up hearts can no longer respond to the appeal of beauty and sentiment.

The REVIEW is sometimes inexcusably frivolous. Why can't you be serious once in a while?

PERCY C. LA SALLE.

NEW YORK CITY.

[In a world somewhat liberally stocked with solemn asses, our imputed frivolity (which we are far from admitting) should deserve a more thankful response than the above.—EDITOR.]

ALAN SEEGER'S "REVIEW" POEM IN FRENCH

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW recently published a poem by Mr. Alan Seeger, an American serving in the *Légion Etrangère*, entitled "Champagne, 1914-1915." I showed this to a number of my friends, and one of them, Monsieur Georges Saint Paul, a member of the French Supreme Court, has translated it into rhythmic French. It may be interesting to you and to Mr. Seeger to see these beautiful verses in French dress. At any rate, I know it will be agreeable to both of you to learn the pleasure these lines have given to Frenchmen of taste.

M.

PARIS, FRANCE.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-1915

Dans les joyeux banquets, dans les fêtes heureuses,
Quand les fronts rayonnants s'éclairaient,
Quand les verres dorés s'irrisent
De ce doux vin de France, où se sont concentrés
La lumière du ciel et la beauté du Monde;

Oh, buvez quelquefois, vous dont les pas encore
Peuvent fouler en paix les sentiers de la terre
Si chers à parcourir,
Aux braves dont le sang, versé pour le devoir,
Sanctifie le sol d'où naquit ce breuvage.

Ici, ensevelis par les mains dévouées
De quelque camarade, ils dorment pour toujours
Tout le long de nos lignes, là où ils sont tombés,